

THE DOOMED MODOCS.

A Talk with the Condemned Murderers.

Their Recognition of the Herald Correspondent.

Captain Jack and His Devoted Squaw Side by Side.

The Captives Smile at Sight of the Correspondent's Notebook.

Princess Mary Consents to Help as Interpreter.

"My Heart Was in the Right Place," Says Captain Jack.

"Captain Jack He Tell Heap of Lies," Says Bogus Charley.

The Rivalry of the Chiefs a Cause of the Massacre.

SCONCHIN UNWILLING TO MAKE PEACE.

"Captain Jack Then Say, 'I Am Chief, I Kill General Canby,'" General Canby.

THE CANDOR OF STEAMBOAT FRANK.

Klamath Indians Tell Modocs to Fight All the Time.

THE CULPRITS AND THEIR CRIMES.

All Ready for a "Six-Foot Drop" To-Dav.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCAFFOLD

One Thousand Indians Expected to Witness the Executions.

FORT KLAMATH, Sept. 22, 1873.

On the 3d of next month, eleven days from the present writing, Captain Jack and his five companions will be hanged by the neck until dead. I arrived here five days ago, and after paying a visit to General Wheaton was escorted by Colonel Hogue to the guard house, where all the murderers were confined. In the first cell I found Boston Charley and some half a dozen others of that ilk, reposing peacefully along the walls and apparently in tolerably good spirits. Boston's mean little ferret eyes twinkled at the sight of the HERALD correspondent, whom he immediately recognized and called by name. As those criminals were of minor importance, I immediately passed on to the next cell, in which were confined

CAPTAIN JACK AND SCONCHIN.

The latter was lying a little to the right of door, and, passing him with a nod of recognition I crossed over to where the famous Modoc chief was reclining, rolled up in a red blanket. Jack rose as I came towards him, and I could see by the expression of his bright but restless eyes that he remembered who I was and it recalled to his mind the last time we met, when at his invitation I visited him in his famous stronghold. He took my hand with a quick, nervous grasp, and when I asked him if he knew me he nodded his head in the affirmative, but still those eyes spoke volumes, as if he apprehended I might be the bearer of some important tidings concerning his personal welfare. I then asked him if he would like to talk to me, and as he signified a desire to do so Colonel Hogue kindly volunteered to have him and Sconchin brought into the stockade where his family were confined, so that I might obtain the aid of some interpreters. In the next cell the Curly-headed Doctor, Black Jim and another Modoc murderer were confined. The former looked about the same treacherous brute as of old, and Black Jim appeared, if anything, more fendsch in expression than when I saw him in full war paint, seated in the council, and a strong supporter of the war policy that Sconchin was then endeavoring to impress on the tribe.

A short walk of about 100 yards brought me to the stockade, where Jack's and the Lost River band were in safe keeping. Captain Jack and Sconchin had already arrived and were seated under a tent in the right hand corner of the enclosure, in the midst of Jack's family. The favorite squaw of the Modoc chief—the dusky beauty who supported him during the council of the 26th of February—had already taken her place by his side, with one arm thrown lovingly around his waist, while her large, expressive eyes spoke volumes of undying devotion.

THE PRINCESS MARY.

Captain Jack's sister, was seated to the left, on the right of Scar-faced Charley, who had come in to lend his aid as interpreter. They all recognized me and after mentioning me by name, appeared very anxious to discover the object of my visit. I took a seat to the left of Old Sconchin, who was looking rather better than usual and appeared to have lost the hyena-like expression that spread over his face when making a war speech. As I pulled out my note book they all smiled as if thinking of the time when last they saw me use it, when I was the guest and they played the rôle of host. Turning round to Mary, I asked her if she would interpret for me in a talk with Jack, and she said she would help Scar-faced Charley as he spoke the best Boston talk. The following conversation then ensued:—

THE CAPTIVES TALK.

CORRESPONDENT—Mary, I want you to tell Captain Jack for me that I have travelled eleven days from the East from Boston. I am pleased to see him and I want to hear some good talk. Tell me all about the fight and why Modoc kill General Canby and Dr. Thomas when all talk peace.

SCAR-FACED CHARLEY (interpreting for Captain Jack)—I am glad to see you, Mr. Fox; your heart is good and you come from a long way off. You have a good heart and you tell me truth. I never want to fight—want to live like a white man. Klamath Indians come see me; talk very bad. Klamath Indians give Modoc plenty of powder; say "You make big fight; no lay down gun; all come right;" tell me try Canby; tell me try Meacham, Thomas and Mr. Dyer; all right then.

"I think him speak truth, this Klamath Indian then, he tell lie, make me fight, Allen David, Klamath chief, him bad Indian, make me fight, he tell me you come out, lay down gun, all kill you."

MY HEART WAS ALL RIGHT,

they tell me all wrong; Allen Dave teach me bad, tell me try Canby, may be Thomas, Meacham and Dyer. On Lost River, Klamath Indian come often to Modoc camp, always talk, tell me Boston people kill all. Klamath Indian talk bad, tell us make fight, bring us plenty of powder. Allen Dave tell me kill Canby, Gillen, Thomas, other Teyees, make it all right, plenty of peace."

CORRESPONDENT—I want to know from Captain Jack what made them massacre General Canby and that party instead of making a fair fight.

SCAR-FACED CHARLEY—My heart was in the right place. I like Meacham; he tell me truth. Canby not make good talk; he tell me lie. Allen Dave tell me, "Modoc stop fight, Boston people kill them all." I believe Allen Dave speak truth; he make me bad heart. I snap pistol at Canby, pistol no go off; Canby run away, all run away, all fall 150 yards away; I no shoot no more; other shoot kill Canby.

WHO SHOT CANBY?

CORRESPONDENT—Ask Captain Jack again who shot Canby.

SCAR-FACED CHARLEY—I don't know; some of the boys in the stockade all shoot same time. I only snap pistol; bad shot; no shoot good; my heart good; no kill General Canby.

I was beginning to get heartily

SICK OF THIS "GOOD TALK"

by this time, as to my certain knowledge the gist of his conversation was a tissue of lies from beginning to end. There is probably no doubt that the Klamath Indians did encourage them to fight to some extent, and also gave them large quantities of powder. For that courtesy, however, the Modocs are indebted to Mr. Dyer, the Indian agent, who gave the Klamaths orders on the sutler to sell them powder and lead in tolerably large quantities. As far as the shooting of General Canby is concerned, the evidence of three white eye-witnesses, one squaw and the three scouts is all the same, proving that Jack, after his pistol snapped, fired again and gave Canby his death wound. Bogus Charley now came up to where we were sitting, and as he speaks better English than Scar-face, I got him to sit down and interpret a little.

CORRESPONDENT—I want to get Captain Jack to tell me the truth why they shot Canby.

BOGUS CHARLEY—Klamath Indian, stop at Fairchild's ranch; Waylakers bad Indian, tell my friends no stop fight, fight always, kill all; make my heart feel bad. He tell him Modoc Sally and Hooker Jim at Fairchild's ranch. He say, "Waylakers, I want to go to Captain Jack; I want to fight, Captain Jack no want me; I go back to Fort Klamath."

CORRESPONDENT—Why did you shoot Canby?

BOGUS CHARLEY—Canby, Meacham, Dyer and Thomas, all there. I told them wait a minute. I told them keep back. They tell me lie. No tell truth. I went there with only a few boys. Tell all keep back, not come near. Hooker Jim, Black Jim, Barnecho, Shack Nasty Jim, Sconchin, Boston Charley, Sam and George all there, George dead; killed at Dry Lake. Scar-faced Charley and Steamboat Frank sit behind rock, some distance away; see what was done. I tell them to keep away. Peace Commissioners come up talk; no make good talk. I snap pistol.

GENERAL CANBY RUN AWAY.

My pistol no go off; General Canby fall some 150 yards away; all boys shoot.

CORRESPONDENT—Bogus, I want to ask you who killed Lieutenant Sherwood?

BOGUS—Miller's Charley and Curly-headed Frank; Miller's Charley he fire first and miss him; then Frank fire and he fall down; Frank since dead, (Frank is the Indian that blew

his brains out a month ago for fear he was going to be hung.)

CORRESPONDENT—Ask Jack if Meacham talk good.

BOGUS—I knew him well, Meacham; I knew him long time ago; he tell me no lie; sorry they shoot; I know he tell me truth; I came to Fort Klamath; he scare me away; tell me Klamath Indian no like Modoc; he tell me go back; he tell me truth all the time; glad to see him. (The above remarks will look well alongside of Captain Jack's former statement about it in the HERALD of March 1 or 2; but since then Jack has heard Meacham is in Washington trying to save his life, and so his actions are reviewed in a different light.)

I then asked Bogus to put some questions to Sconchin for me, when Jack said he wanted to tell me something more, and the following interesting harangue was then delivered:—

CAPTAIN JACK'S TALK.

Captain Jack (interpreted by Bogus)—I am glad Meacham be well. He tell me long time ago Klamath Indian bad; Klamath Indian no like me. I am glad Meacham he tell me that time. All I can tell you, we see him long time ago; we tell him truth; my heart was good; tell truth. I know what men my friends. I never lie; tell him all truth. I don't like Klamath Indian. I no know why I am bad. I call him Klamath Indian bad. Indian he tell me lie. He try to do me harm; make my heart bad; all people see me. I speak truth; my heart good.

Jack then subsided, evidently satisfied that he had made a most powerful harangue and entirely enlisted my sympathies in his defence. I then asked Bogus Charley to see what Sconchin would tell me. Bogus told the old scoundrel—I call him scoundrel, as I am inwardly satisfied Jack would never have fought again after the 17th of January if the old devil had not forced him to do so. Sconchin was evidently quite pleased with the invitation to talk, and, bracing himself up for the occasion, made the following speech:—

SCONCHIN'S PROFESSION OF A GOOD HEART.

SCONCHIN—I don't know why I am bad; I got good heart. Klamath Indian he talk bad to me; he tell me bad, tell me make much fight; I no like him Klamath Indian, I think he tell me lie; I am good man, good to my people; I no shoot Meacham; shoot bad, old man no shoot well; all my people like me; I came first time to Fort Klamath, I go away scared. Yet Dry Lake Klamath Indian tell me bad. Allen David, Klamath chief, he tell me not stop; kill all white people; try him; Canby, Meacham, Thomas and Dyer tell me all good; kill them; Allen David, he tell me stay in lava bed. "I want you stand like a man all the time—like big man; keep gun; keep war; never stop." I told him this people all right; they stay there. I tell you truth, you want to know my mind. I am poor now, in guard house. Klamath Indian very bad.

Captain Jack then said:—"All people tell me truth; you, Mr. Fox, tell me truth. Long time ago I think you lied; I know you speak truth now. I stay in guard house. I stay good. I am glad to see you, Mr. Fox."

I then got up and left the party, thoroughly disgusted with the

CONTINUED PAGE OF LIES

that had been given out for my special edification. Leaving that stockade I took a stroll into the next one, where the Hot Creek party were confined. Among those in there was Wheam, one of the best Indians in the tribe, and the one that told Whittles' squaw to warn General Canby, Thomas and Meacham against coming out to talk on the morning of the massacre. Just outside the stockade are four tents, occupied by the scouts, Hooker Jim, Shack Nasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, Scar-faced Charley and Bogus Charley. They have their families with them, and appear tolerably well satisfied with their position. Late this evening I sent for Bogus Charley and Steamboat Frank, and from them obtained the following information:—

CORRESPONDENT—I want you, Bogus, to tell me the truth about that Canby massacre and who shot him.

BOGUS—Captain Jack

HE TELL HEAR LIES;

he stand by, snap pistol, cock it again and shoot Canby; kill him dead. Sconchin he shoot at Meacham. Boston Charley, he shoot at Dr. Thomas, and Hooker Jim he shoot at Dyer. I speak the truth all the time; I tell you no lie.

CORRESPONDENT—I want you to tell me, Bogus, what Indian first proposed to kill Canby.

BOGUS—Klamath Indian, at Fairchild's, tell us bad talk; say Boston people kill you all; I no believe him; say he tell lie; Sconchin believe him; he say he speak truth; Sconchin no like to make peace; Sconchin and Sconchin's son—with Indians who kill settlers; he afraid to make peace; talk fight in council; he say I kill Canby; who kill others? Barnecho, Sloox and boys, we kill others. Captain Jack then say I am chief; I kill General Canby. I want no one to come with me. Captain Jack no like to see Sconchin chief of Modocs. Sconchin say first try Canby, Thomas, Meacham and Dyer. Captain Jack no want to fight. Captain Jack not afraid of Boston people—want peace. Sconchin he kill many; he afraid; no let Captain Jack make peace.

THE HERALD CORRESPONDENT'S PERIL.

CORRESPONDENT—You remember when I

came in to talk to Captain Jack, with Fairchild and Whittles—any of the boys want to try me?

BOGUS—Yes, some of those in stockade; some of young boys. Miller's Charley he stop you coming in; want you and Fairchild to camp in rocks; if you camp there Modocs kill you, kill Fairchild; Scar-face come up, take you and Fairchild into cave; he know you our friend; you come to make good talk; no mean bad to Modoc Indian.

CORRESPONDENT—What Indians were in the party who fired at Dr. McEldey and myself on the morning of the third day's fight?

STEAMBOAT FRANK—I was there, Scar-face and others; I shoot twice; others shoot; no hurt you; afterwards shoot Yreka boy riding horse; kill him.

MODOCS ASSISTED BY THE KLAMATHS.

CORRESPONDENT—Did the Klamath Indians assist you at all while fighting?

BOGUS—Klamath Indians tell us to fight all the time; give us plenty of ammunition. At the first fight Klamath Indians shout to Modocs, "Shoot high; Klamath Indian no kill Modocs." They shout again in their talk, "Ammunition here in these rocks, and Modoc went and got it." Allen David he send word, "Fight plenty; no stop war; keep gun." Klamath Indian tell us bad all the time.

During the evening I had a short talk with General Wheaton, and learned from him that up to the present no orders had been received from Washington to carry into execution the sentences on Captain Jack, Sconchin and the four others. The settlers are very much agitated on the question, and if the law is not carried out in this instance the lives of those Indians would not be worth five minutes' purchase if they get hold of them.

IN EXPECTATION.

Waiting for the Curtain to Rise on the Last Scene, Last Act of the Tragedy—The Gallows Ready—Character of the Culprits and Their Degrees of Guilt.

FORT KLAMATH, Oregon, }
Via JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 2, 1873. }

The preparations for the execution of Captain Jack, Sconchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Barnecho and Sloox are now completed, and by about three P. M., New York time, on the day of the publication of this despatch the murderers of General Canby and Dr. Thomas will have expiated their crime on the gallows. I say about three P. M., as, although the execution will take place at about eleven A. M. here, we are really four hours later than you are in the Eastern States. Nobody in this section of country has the slightest pity for these Modoc criminals, who cannot even lay claim to the want of knowing better and pleading ignorance of our laws and customs. For the past twenty-five years the Modoc tribe have mingled with the whites, and to a far greater extent than any other Indian people in this quarter of the State, and have thus become more civilized and obtained a better

KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

Captain Jack, although rather a poor English linguist, has been trading with the whites for the past twenty summers, and not a year scarcely passed away without his putting in an appearance in Yreka at the fair with a large portion of his tribe. So forcibly were these visits impressed on his imagination that, in a speech he made to me in the lava beds in the latter part of February, he made use of the expression—

"I want to live like a white man; to go into a store and buy things."

Captain Jack knew perfectly well what crime he was committing when he shot General Canby, but everything had to succumb to ambition, as he found that Sconchin, Hooker Jim and the Curly-headed Doctor had so stirred up the tribe that unless he led them on to murder they would select some other chief of more bloodthirsty intent.

JACK'S SISTER IN DEFENCE OF HER BROTHER.

I was talking yesterday with Mary, Jack's sister, and, savage as she is, the approaching fate of her brother affects her very much. She is deep in her denunciation of Sconchin and the Curly-headed Doctor, and insists that it was only through their persistent and determined action in haranguing and otherwise writing blood in the minds of the tribe that Jack, in order to retain his ascendancy as Chief, was obliged to take the lead in the execution of their fendish designs. No one entertains the slightest pity for Sconchin, as in every deed of blood he has been foremost and used his influence to incite the younger men of the tribe to further atrocities. In November he led the murderers on Lost River; in February he endeavored to incite the tribe to murder the visitors to his camp in the lava beds, and, lastly, we find him

THE INSTIGATOR AND MAIN CONSPIRATOR

in the plot to murder General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. As next in rank in the tribe to Jack, he accepted the task of disposing of Meacham, the chief of the Peace Commission, and, although Providence interposed and saved the life of his would-be victim, it was through no fault of Sconchin's that Mr. Meacham was not added to the list of the slain on that fatal day.

Black Jim and Boston Charley will also suffer without exciting the pity of any, as they justly merit the punishment they will receive. Boston Charley is, in my idea, one of the worst of the whole party. He was going about before the massacre as the messenger be-

tween Captain Jack and the Peace Commission. On

THE MORNING OF THE MASSACRE

he breakfasted with Dr. Thomas, went out and tried very hard to induce General Gillem to make one of the party, but the latter officer was indisposed and declined to go. When Jack gave the signal Boston took Dr. Thomas for a victim, and within three hours from the time they last met the guest had killed his host, and broken even the laws that the wild Arabs of the desert were known to respect and hold sacred. The two others, Barnecho and Sloox, that are to suffer on Friday, have really only been accessories to the deed and not active participants. They are two ignorant and brutal savages, not members of the Modoc tribe, but belonging to

THE COMBATIVES, OR ROCK INDIANS.

They evidently were following the orders of their chiefs, and appeared on the scene when the shooting commenced, carrying five or six rifles, which they distributed among the rest of the party. From the nature of the wounds received by the victims it has been ascertained that Dr. Thomas was killed by a shot from a rifle or carbine, and some surgeons even go so far as to say that General Canby was shot in the head by a carbine ball. I, however, do not believe that General Canby received two shot wounds in the head, but am satisfied that the theory of Assistant Surgeon McEldey is correct. Dr. McEldey maintains that the two apertures in General Canby's head were caused by one pistol ball; the small aperture is where the ball entered, and the large, jagged wound is where it made its exit. No carbine ball could have made such a wound; and even if it had been discharged from short range it would have been certain to have passed clear through the head. These two combatives therefore, I think, may be held guiltless of Canby's murder; but there is little doubt that one of their weapons was used to finish Dr. Thomas. They are, however, so ignorant and brutish that even now they can hardly comprehend what they are going to suffer for.

THE OTHER CRIMINALS.

Shack Nasty Jim, who boasted to me yesterday that he "shot Meacham high up;" Hooker Jim, who ran after and fired four shots at Dyer; Bogus Charley, who assisted in entrapping General Canby, and Steamboat Frank, who performed a similar office on Dr. Thomas, are walking comfortably about, receiving clothing and rations as government scouts. They have certainly been of considerable service to the government, as it is doubtful whether Captain Jack could have been captured yet if they had not lent their assistance. Scar-faced Charley, the manliest Indian of the whole tribe, was also present at the massacre—that is, he watched the proceedings from behind a rock, some fifty yards away. I asked him yesterday why he was there, and he told me he "only came in order to see that no one hurt Riddle, the Yreka man, as he would have killed any Indians that shot Riddle."

THE PREPARATIONS

for carrying out the sentence of the law were commenced on Tuesday and finished yesterday, under the management of Mr. Fields, the post carpenter, and an employé of the government for the past twenty-five years. The erection of a gallows to hang six at a time is rather an undertaking; but Mr. Fields has erected a framework that will probably prove equal to the occasion. The uprights stand about seventeen feet high, surmounted by a cross beam thirty feet in length. The platform, set on pine spiles, is eight feet below the beam, solid at the back and with a hinged front, on which the criminals will be placed, standing. The cutting of a single rope will upset the three supports of the front of the platform and give the six murderers

A SIX-FOOT DROP.

Lieutenant Colonel Hoge will officiate as Provost Marshal, and superintend the adjusting of the noose by the sergeants and non-commissioned officers. The sentence and findings of the military commission will be read by Lieutenant Kingsbury and translated to the Indians by Riddle, of Yreka. The execution will be public, and it is expected that nearly 1,000 Indians will be present.

THE LAST RITES OF THE MODOCS.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin, Sept. 24.)
The project of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, now under sentence of death, has been abandoned by Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, on account of General Schofield's recent order that the bodies of the Modocs must not be mutilated after death. If the Modocs are allowed to follow the traditions of the tribe, they will burn the bodies of the executed warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies. When Curly-headed Jack committed suicide at Lost River bridge several squaws of the Cottonwood faction attempted self-mutilation, and had not the officers relieved them of a case-knife the results would undoubtedly have been very serious. Should the sentence of death be carried out in the case of Jack and his confederates, the mourning Modocs, especially the females, will be watched with extreme vigilance to prevent the plucking of hair and scratching of dead by the rumor that the Klamaths are angry at the course of the government is an absurd one. The Klamaths, as a tribe, have a strong dislike to Jack's Modocs, on general principles, the old hatred never having died out, and will witness the execution with as much satisfaction as any aggrieved settler of the Lost River basin.

GRAND COUNCIL OF CANADIAN INDIAN CHIEFS.

BRANTFORD, Canada, Oct. 2, 1873.
The grand Indian Council of chiefs from the various Indian tribes in Canada is now in session at the Six Nations' Indian Council House. Dr. Cronhyatch has been chosen President, and Chairman and the Council has adjourned until Tuesday.

DEATH OF A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

PHILA DELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 2, 1873.
Sir Samuel McDonald, Knight Templar, of the De Molay Commandery, of Philadelphia, Pa., died to-day from injuries received by falling from a derrick while passing over a bridge yesterday while inspecting the building.

GARNIER CHAMPION.

The Little Frenchman Wrests the Four-Ball Diamond Cne from Maurice Daly.

The Play and the Incidents—Garnier Leads from the Beginning—A Big Crowd and Plenty of Excitement—The Winner Challenged.

The long looked for game for the diamond championship cue of America, between Albert Garnier, the little Frenchman, and Maurice Daly, the favorite American, took place last evening in the Tammany Hall, Fourteenth street. What added zest to the game was the fact that \$1,000 was also one of the contested points. As the hour approached when the game was to be played, the large hall (the scene of so many glorious, political and other "wars") began to fill up very quickly. The same scaffolding, which has been erected last summer for the tournament in Irving Hall, was used on this occasion and gave space for about 500 persons, besides which the gallery was quite packed with deeply interested lookers on.

At a few minutes before eight both the players stepped up to the table and were greeted with great applause, neither seeming to be more favored than the other in the good graces of the audience. Both looked fresh and ready for good work.

Mr. James Bennett, of Canada, was chosen as umpire for Garnier, and Mr. T. Flynn as umpire for Maurice Daly. The umpire was a well-known sporting man. The same marker who distinguished himself in the three-ball tournament was again chosen to that onerous position. The audience was an orderly one, and had it not been for the crowd of blue-coated officials would have made it so.

The game began precisely at eight, Garnier winning the lead and playing his ball into the left hand cushion. Daly followed, scoring 3. Garnier then took hold of the ivory, and in a pleasant easy sort of a way, made a run of 36. Daly then scored 9, playing very poorly and with a lack of vigor which made his friends look blue. Garnier, on the contrary, developed a fine spirit and energy, which brought forth several rounds of applause. Daly, however, was not discouraged, and he brought up the hopes of his admirers. Garnier followed, however, with runs of 63, 69 and 78, Daly scoring nothing of any account until the ninth inning. At this point the score stood—Garnier, 340; Daly, 174. From this time forward the play was so poor on both sides as the morning's particular encounters, and certainly drew forth but little applause. Garnier played with an easy consciousness of victory making his little runs gracefully and with a fine spirit. Daly, on the contrary, in the thirteenth inning, nursed the balls carefully, occasionally coming in to score his brilliant round-the-table shots, and so managed as to let in a good run of 150, the largest which had yet been made. Daly, though by this time over 500 behind, was not discouraged, and he was getting down to his work well when his opponent's ball went in the pocket. He still followed this up with a brilliant cushion shot on the two rails, but missed the subsequent shot, scoring 51. Garnier followed with a bad miss. Daly then made 12 and sent out on a nice, but not a very good shot, a "draw." Garnier made 21 and then played safety. Daly taking the string led off with a magnificent bank shot which brought down the house. Daly followed with 48 and then made 100, a fine count. Daly, after a miss, followed with 48, his game looking up a little and being somewhat encouraged by the cheering of the audience. An inseparable concomitant of the four-ball pocket American game, reigned supreme, each player afraid to risk any brilliant play for fear of losing a pocket, and each endeavoring to play without mercy, but confining himself to careful and safety play without cessation. Neither of them did any remarkable execution or made any runs, compared with the play which they developed while practising on the last few days preceding the match.

On Daly's twenty-third inning the aspect of things somewhat changed. Daly, on the opening of his play, made a run of 100, the largest which had yet been made. Daly, though by this time over 500 behind, was not discouraged, and he was getting down to his work well when his opponent's ball went in the pocket. He still followed this up with a brilliant cushion shot on the two rails, but missed the subsequent shot, scoring 51. Garnier followed with a bad miss. Daly then made 12 and sent out on a nice, but not a very good shot, a "draw." Garnier made 21 and then played safety. Daly taking the string led off with a magnificent bank shot which brought down the house. Daly followed with 48 and then made 100, a fine count. Daly, after a miss, followed with 48, his game looking up a little and being somewhat encouraged by the cheering of the audience. An inseparable concomitant of the four-ball pocket American game, reigned supreme, each player afraid to risk any brilliant play for fear of losing a pocket, and each endeavoring to play without mercy, but confining himself to careful and safety play without cessation. Neither of them did any remarkable execution or made any runs, compared with the play which they developed while practising on the last few days preceding the match.

Garnier was not to be discouraged, however, and went in to make a run, only scoring 21 and Daly, again taking the string led off with a magnificent bank shot which brought down the house. Daly followed with 48 and then made 100, a fine count. Daly, after a miss, followed with 48, his game looking up a little and being somewhat encouraged by the cheering of the audience. An inseparable concomitant of the four-ball pocket American game, reigned supreme, each player afraid to risk any brilliant play for fear of losing a pocket, and each endeavoring to play without mercy, but confining himself to careful and safety play without cessation. Neither of them did any remarkable execution or made any runs, compared with the play which they developed while practising on the last few days preceding the match.

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